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TONGO

*THE HERO OF THE LURAY
CAVERNS*



By
WALTER A. TUTTLE



TONGO

T O N G O
the
HERO OF THE LURAY CAVERNS

BY
WALTER A. TUTTLE
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Wm. C. Carter, 23, 22

He raised the towering mountains high
Above the Valley's fertile plain.
Then with His fingers traced the path
His servants need not walk in vain.

He gave the wondrous pine clad hills
Of dear Luray. Though plain they seemed,
He placed beneath their humble crest
Such wonders man had never dreamed.

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PREFACE

In the year 1878, nearly fourteen hundred years after the time of the events in this story, the cave, discovered by the Indian hero of this tale, was rediscovered by Mr. William and Mr. Andrew Campbell, in company with Mr. Benton Stebbins.

It is located in a hill outside the village of Luray, Virginia. Later explorations revealed the bones of our hero, found in Skeleton Gorge. As you visit the cave, today, they, or what remains of them, will be pointed out to you by the guide. They are imbedded in the semi-transparent dripstone which, for these centuries, has formed over them.

There also still rests the Giant Chair in his chamber. There still hang the curtains from the ceiling of the cavern, nearly thirty feet above, reaching nearly to the floor, drawn back from either side as though by the hand of the Almighty, inviting your entrance.

There is the Silver Sea, and when you stand upon its shore and view its crystal clearness and wonderful reflections, you will not wonder that the Hero of our story was overcome by the glory of his surroundings.

The original entrance to the caverns is entirely obliterated and its location will probably never be known.

I wish, here to express my appreciation of the suggestions by Dr. F. C. Northcott, the owner of the Caverns, and for the pictures which he furnished for this publication.

The major portion of the bones of our Hero were removed during April, 1921, and placed in the National Museum, at Washington.

WALTER A. TUTTLE

TONGO

About the year 500 A. D., there lived an Indian, with his tribe, in a little village on the banks of the James River, nearly thirty miles above what is now Newport News, and close to the present site of Williamsburg, where the river bends to the southward, on its journey to the ocean.

He was tall, straight, with jet black hair; his features were not as round as many of the present day Indians; rather, they were long and, on the whole, sensitively formed. He had a piercing, but kindly eye, and there was something about him which attracted rather than repelled one.

Although his people were warlike, as, indeed, all Indian tribes of that day were (often from necessity rather than choice), so gentle and peaceful was the nature of this Indian that all were strongly drawn to him but he never let his peaceful tendency stand in the way, at any time, of protecting and fighting for his people, when other tribes essayed to come down upon their village, to pillage, as they were wont to do. He was a very fast runner, and his people called him "Swiftfoot" because he had been known to overtake a deer in a straight race and dispatch him with a club.

Swiftfoot became very proficient as a scout so that his people depended upon him, to a great extent, for protection; he became so well known to the neighboring tribes, both

friends and enemies, that they began to think it was useless to try to pillage his people, since Swiftfoot would always know of their approach and warn them. It had become second nature to him to move cautiously and noiselessly, making it difficult for an enemy to surprise his tribe.

One day, when Swiftfoot was out hunting, he traveled farther to the northward than was his custom. The day had been bright and all animals and birds had seemed to go to secluded places. He had not been very fortunate in taking game and, as the day began to wane, he found himself many miles from home, near one of the large rivers of that part of the country, when, just in front of him, he saw something moving. Cautiously opening the branches, he saw silhouetted against the back ground of the sky and the river, a beautiful Indian maiden. As he looked at her his heart began to yearn with love for her; when she passed on, he followed afar off so that, if possible, he might find where she lived and who her people were. He found she was of the tribe of the Rappahanocks, with whom his people were at war, so he returned with a sad heart. He told his people how he had seen this maiden and how he had instantly loved her. Because of their great love and respect for Swiftfoot, his people immediately set about to make peace with the Rappahanocks and arranged for the tribes to come together for a parley, and peace offerings were given. They then found the maiden was the daughter of the Chief of the tribe and that she was called "Smiling Blossom" because she was as lovely as a flower and always happy. When they made known their wish, the Chief brought his daughter to meet Swiftfoot and said- "If my daughter chooses, she may take

the son of the tribe of our enemies, and we will ever be friends and at peace but if she does not choose, then we will go to our homes and be apart and as we have ever been.”

So Swiftfoot and Smiling Blossom went by themselves for a short space of time; Smiling Blossom found the echo of Swiftfoot's love in her own heart. When they returned, Smiling Blossom said to her people, “I wish Swiftfoot for my brave.” A great shout rose from both tribes. Gathering in a circle, they smoked the pipe of peace, pledged everlasting friendship and Swiftfoot took his bride to his own home. After a little they established their lodge on the banks of the James River, on the edge of the village where his people lived, and they began to live in their own home, apart from Swiftfoot's parents.

TONGO'S YOUTH

To Swiftfoot and Smiling Blossom were born two children, a son and a daughter. The son, from early infancy, bore a great resemblance to his father, and they named him "Tongo, son of Swiftfoot." As he grew, he was schooled in all the Indian craft of the day but never could he run like his father, although, when he was the age of ten, he could stalk a deer or shoot straight enough to kill birds and smaller animals. He had the idea of peace much more firmly fixed in his nature than either of his parents and he used to grieve so greatly about the warlike tendencies of his own tribe and of the tribes that used to make war against them that his father feared it would greatly impair his ability as a scout. Tongo was also of a deep inquiring mind, so that the questions he would expound led his people to call him, also, "Deep Thinker."

Tongo's sister, who was three years younger, was slight of build and as she grew older, she developed her mother's beauty; she was swift of foot, like her father and far fleetier than her brother Tongo. There was no one she so adored as she did her brother and whatever he said was truth to her. Their close companionship was so marked that she was called "The Follower" but Tongo always called her "Bright Eyes."

On the edge of the village there lived an old arrow maker, who had become unable to hunt or fight longer for



The Valley through which Tongo traveled to reach the caverns. The Blue Ridge Mountains in the background.

his people so, for a living, he made arrows and bows, for others. He became a great friend of Tongo and made him a small bow and gave him a fine carved quiver of arrows, with which the lad would play and, in his small way, hunt as did his elders; so Tongo greatly loved the old arrow maker.

One day, when he was about eight years old, he wandered away and was gone so long that his parents became so alarmed about him that they roused the villagers to search the woods and swamps near the village for him. At last they found him, back from the river, on the edge of one of the swamps, where he had gathered a pile of clam shells and was breaking them open to find, as he told his parents, the rainbow within the shells. When they took him home, he brought the shells home also and said to his mother, "How did the shells get the rainbows inside?" And his mother answered, "The clams must have had their shell opened and caught the ends of the rainbow when it passed by; but they are black and dirty; throw them out, my son." But Tongo replied: "They are like the old arrow maker, mother; he is not beautiful to look at but he is kind and I love him. He gave me this bow and these arrows. We should not look at the outside, but at the heart, should we mother? The shell is black and dirty on the outside but inside it is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen." And his mother did not answer; she was pondering the sayings of her son, in her heart.

One day his sister brought in a handful of wild rice, just as it was in bloom. He reprimanded her for doing it, which greatly grieved the tender heart of Bright Eyes,

as Tongo rarely spoke harshly to his sister. "Tongo, you do not love me any more," said Bright Eyes. But the next morning Tongo showed his sister those same blossoms and they were all withered away and had lost their beauty. Then he said: "Come with me, Bright Eyes" and he led her to the river's edge and showed her the blossoms on the growing stalk; then where some had fallen; then where it began to develop the seed. "Now", said he, "when these are picked in their bloom, they simply wither away and are gone; but when they are left, they develop into seed which we can then gather and it will be of use for food to keep us alive. Now, my sister, suppose the wild rice stalk gave all its strength to being beautiful, there would be no seed for you and me. You are, indeed, beautiful, my sister, and I love to see you so, but a thousand times more do I love to see the good things you can do. The blossom is surely a beauty but it is only the center around which its usefulness grows."

One night, when Tongo was twelve years old, he was sitting in the twilight with his father, just outside the wigwam door, when a nightingale flew to a limb nearby and began to sing his sweetest carol. As they listened, Tongo said to his father, "Father, why does the nightingale sing only in the twilight and why is he so plain, yet sings so wonderfully?" And Swiftfoot said, "Listen, my son, and I will tell you. Many summers ago, when men lived in a much plainer way than we do now, they were not able to stand the light of the sun, where dwells the Great Spirit that controls the world, for men were not yet strong or wise enough to bear it. So they then dwelt in caves and the Great Spirit commanded them that they should hunt only in the

twilight or in the night, else there should something befall them; in time they might become wise enough to stand the light of the Almighty. But, like most children of the present day, there was one who would not obey; he came out into the light, transgressing the commandment of the Great Spirit. When, from his golden chariot in the heavens, the Great Spirit saw him walking in the light, he came and touched him, and said, 'My child, why are you walking in the light when I bade thee be abroad only at the twilight?' "

"And the disobedient one replied, 'Am I not strong and able to bear the day?' The Great Spirit rebuked him, saying, 'Art thou wiser than thy master? It is not for thee to say, 'I am strong but it is for thee to obey.' And he touched the one who did the wrong and said, 'For this transgression thou shalt become a bird of the plainest plumage of any in the forest; but the disobedient one pleaded with the Master that he should not leave him thus but give him at least some sign of redemption. And the Master said, 'Yes, I will. Though thou shalt be the plainest of all in plumage, yet thou shalt be the sweetest of all singers, but shall sing only in the twilight.' "

Deep Thinker pondered this in his heart and finally said, "Father, what is it that he hath commanded us and what is the law we should obey, and when do we transgress?"

The father answered, "We should always do to others as we are willing they should do to us, and when we do not do this, we transgress."

"Then, father, why do we war against the neighboring

tribes and take that which belongs to them and kill the older ones and take their children away?" asked Tongo.

"This" Swiftfoot answered, "is war. Many years ago the tribes of the "Uplands" came down to the river here and surprised our people and killed many and carried away many children and much goods; since then the heart of our brothers has been sore and revenge has been sweet. So we have lost no opportunity to revenge the blood of our fathers."

"Then why, father, do we not war also with the Seminoles, the South tribe, but are always at peace with them?"

Swiftfoot replied: "Many years ago there was bitter hatred between the Seminoles and our tribe; but they came one day and asked for a parley, and the chief said: 'Why do we not have peace?' and our fathers said, 'For many years you have pillaged our villages and taken our young men and girls captive; how can we have peace except we take blood for blood?' Then a stalwart brave stepped forward and said, 'That, indeed is true; blood for blood must be given. Here is my blood for my people; let your noblest warrior now come and pierce me to death, and let our people be at peace.' So he was slain that day for his people and since then there has ever been peace and good will between the Seminoles and the River Tribe."

"Then", said Deep Thinker, "are there no more brave men left that we still have war?" And his father could not answer.

The next day Tongo came to his father and said, "Father, who controls all things, and who is the Great One?"



The Saracens Tent. Hanging in beautiful translucent folds from overhanging rocks over thirty feet above the floor.

And the father answered, "The Great Spirit rules the world; He dwells in the sun and is the brightness of it. We can plead with him in the day but at night we cannot, for then he is at sleep."

"Where then, father, does he sleep?"

"Far out, to the westward, there is a mighty cave, and the sun travels until he comes over the cave; he then enters the cave and there takes his rest. In the morning he goes out over the sea and again begins his daily circuit."

"Why, then, father, does not some one go to his cave and there plead with the Great Spirit, that peace may come to all tribes?"

Thoughtfully Swiftfoot replied, "It is very far and no one can talk with the Great Spirit, face to face, and still live; but, no doubt, were it possible, peace might come to us all," and Swiftfoot sighed as he remembered the many brave comrades he had seen fall in the awful wars his tribe had had in the past.

Deep Thinker said nothing to any one of what thoughts and desires then and there took root in his pure heart.

TONGO'S HIGH RESOLVE

After two years, when Tongo was fourteen years old, he came to his father and said, "Some one must redeem all people from the curse of war, and I must go to find the sun-cave and plead with the Great Spirit to give us peace." But his father cried, "No, No! I must not lose my only son; you cannot go!"

Then Tongo pleaded with his mother, but she said, as did his father, "No, my son, we cannot yet give you up."

But Bright Eyes put her arms around his neck and said, "Tongo, it is very hard for me, but if you say it is right, it surely must be right for you to go; if you do go, I will pray to the Great Spirit every day for you, that He may let you come back."

Tongo gently replied, "No, I will not go until my father consents, as I could not see the Great Spirit unless I had obeyed my father." But the matter lay heavily on his heart and as the time passed by and he grew more and more in strength and stature, he sought more diligently for some way in which he might influence his father to let him go.

One day, while he was passing through the fields when the maize was young, he pulled up a plant and on the end of it was a kernel; on examining it he found the kernel was



The Giants Hallway

decayed and dead but that the new life was very promising. So he brought it to his father and showed it to him, telling him how, if the kernel had not died, there would be no life at all from it. He said, "Father, I must go to the Sun Cave"; but still his father denied him and Tongo sadly turned away saying, "I will abide for the present."

About half a mile from their wigwam, on the bank of the river, was a large rock, somewhat higher than a man's head, with a flat space on the top about four feet square. Here, morning and evening, Tongo came to call upon the Sun, begging that in some way he might be permitted to go to the Cave in the West, the home of the Great Spirit. But no answer seemed to come to him. He did not tell his sister at first but she soon found that he was going to the rock for she had followed after him, seeming to know why he had gone and sympathizing with him.

So he continued his prayers to the Great Spirit, pleading that by some means he might be shown his duty; to know if he were right and if he was to go to the Sun Cave or not. The answer had not as yet come.

One day, with downcast brow, he went, as was his custom, to the rock of his prayers. The sky was overcast with dark clouds completely obscuring the sun; still Tongo mounted his rock and looked toward the place where the sun should be. He cried, "Now, Great Spirit, tell me my duty. What shall I do and how shall I come unto Thee?" and at once the clouds opened and a shaft of light, from the sun, shone full upon him, while he was standing on the rock.

Bright Eyes, coming up at that moment, saw him standing there, with the light shining upon him and on no other place, and she fled, afraid, to her home. From that time, Tongo seemed to feel he should make every effort to go to the Cave and fulfill his mission.

At this time Tongo was fifteen years old and exceedingly strong for his age; he was well skilled in the craft of the woods and in hunting and, although his father was very proud of him, there was always that feeling that there was something more than usual about him that seemed to draw him away. So his father, in his anxiety, was more watchful than he would have been, to keep him at home. Owing to his father's refusal to let him go, Tongo did not confide in his father so much, but he and his sister communed often together and he would say, "My sister, I am called and I must go, but how shall I go?"

Bright Eyes would answer: "Our father and mother will not let you go and there is no way except to disobey them and go."

Yes, but if I do that," said Tongo, "the Great Spirit will not hear me. This thing will I do, my sister; I will get my eagle feathers and then my father will not deny me."

But Bright Eyes said, "No one has gained his eagle feathers before he was nineteen or twenty years old, and how will you?"

But Tongo would not be discouraged and replied, "Am I not strong? I will not fail; so I must try."

TONGO WINS HIS FREEDOM

It was a custom, generally observed among all the tribes, that as soon as any young man took his eagle feathers, he was pronounced of age and was no longer under the authority and direction of the older ones, and he was then declared a full-fledged warrior.

The feathers must be taken in this wise. The eagle must be taken with the naked hands, before the bird was wounded, and the feathers plucked out by the hunter; then if the bird was slain, by the hunter, so much the more honor. So Tongo set about his task of taking his eagle. He searched for many days until he found where an eagle had made his nest. He built his booth and so concealed it that anyone coming that way could not tell it from the surrounding bushes.

When everything was in readiness, he went out with his bow and arrow to get a deer; this was soon captured and from it he cut a piece of meat, which he fastened to the top of his booth. Many long days he watched and waited for the eagle to spy the meat and come to take it. Many times he changed the meat, but the eagle soared high above his booth, never once seeming to notice the tempting bit prepared for him. Until one day when Tongo had almost lost hope, he looked through the brush of his booth; circling high

above him, but apparently noticing the meat for the first time, was the eagle. He was coming! Yes, he was coming! Tongo nerved himself for the great battle he knew must come. If only he could win!

As the huge bird swooped upon the meat, fastening his talons in it, Tongo sprang forth and seized the eagle's leg. Then began a terrific fight. Well for Tongo that his years spent in traversing the woods, swimming against the current, packing heavy loads, had so hardened his young muscles that the frantic efforts of the eagle (whose strength is so great it can easily carry off a young child in its talons) were of no avail. Tongo knew he must not permit the eagle to spread his strong wings, else he would meet defeat.

With one hand he bent the head of the eagle down to prevent the fierce thrusts of his vicious beak, that could so swiftly pluck out his eyes; with the other hand he struggled to force upward the powerful wing which beat back and forth with almost irresistible force. Tongo, nearly spent, gave a mighty wrench and, with a snap, the wing hung helpless at the eagle's side. This freed Tongo's right hand, giving him an opportunity to seize his club, lying ready and quickly was the eagle put out of his misery and Tongo into a paradise of joy!

But it was characteristic of Tongo's noble nature that his first thought was not of the glory that would come to him from winning the precious "feathers" while a mere lad, but that the victory would now make possible his unselfish search for the Great Spirit.



Scene in the Cathedral

Sore and bleeding, he bore his trophy home in triumph. He had gained his feathers!

When he arrived at his village, great was the surprise of his people that so young a lad as he had been able to take the feathers as he was the youngest that had ever gained that honor in all the tribe. No one could have been filled with greater pride, not even Tongo himself, than were his parents, over his achievement, which had given him the highest honor possible to anyone. But, with the joy was a sad foreboding, because this act gave him the right to act independently of his father's will.

Owing to the extraordinary aspects of the case, and their love for the lad, Tongo, and his parents, the villagers made a great celebration in Tongo's honor. The appointed day arrived, when all the members of the tribe came together for the event. Tongo, dressed in his eagle feathers, came forth, accompanied by his father. His mother, and Bright Eyes, as was the custom of the Indians, followed about three paces behind the braves.

As they formed a semi-circle at the opening of Swift-foot's lodge, he spoke to them- "My neighbors, I bid you welcome. There are here many brave warriors, who have fought for the safety of our people and who have revenged the wrongs that have been committed against us. My heart is filled with great pride today, as I present to you my son, Tongo, the Brave, who is the youngest of our tribe ever to gain his eagle feathers, and now, if you wish to accept him, as a Brave and a Warrior, do so, I have spoken."

The tribe, with one accord, rose and spoke: "He is our brother Brave. We accept him."

Then Swiftfoot turned and said- "Tongo, you have today done us a great honor, to be accepted by your people as a Warrior, while yet so young; in return for the honor you have done us, if there is anything I can grant unto you, speak."

Then Tongo stepped forward, saying, "My father and my people, it is my great desire to bring peace to you and to all tribes, so I pray you, let me go and search for the Cave where the Sun dwells and speak with the Great Spirit, and see Him face to face; perchance he will give peace to my people for a thousand winters."

His father bowed his head in bitter grief before all the people; he said, "My son, no one shall see the Great Spirit face to face and live. But as thy spirit is set these many moons to go, I cannot refuse thee. Go, and may that peace, so dearly bought, come to us all." And all the people said, "Go, Tongo, and may the Great Spirit guide thee." But, with heavy hearts they said it, as they all loved the boy, who, from that time on began to make his preparations to depart.

PREPARING FOR THE QUEST

Tongo first went to the old arrow maker, who lived at one edge of the village and asked him to make a full quiver of arrows for him. He wished for a new bow, that he might have as good as any in the tribe and the old arrow maker said to him, "I will, indeed, make you the finest arrows that I have ever made, so that your quiver may be full of the straightest arrows ever formed. But what is this I hear, Tongo, about your going away to search for the home of the Great Spirit?"

And Tongo replied, "I must go to the Great Spirit, else our tribes will always be warring."

But the arrow maker pleaded with Tongo; "Do not go; do we not all love you? and whoever may be successful in finding the Great Spirit may never come back to his people again. You have shown that you will make a good warrior. Now stay, my son, and fight the battles of your people, and revenge the deeds of our enemies against us."

"But", said Tongo, "is it not better that I should go and seek the Great Spirit, who is able to give peace, than to simply revenge my people and cause a death for a death?"

Then the old arrow maker told him how, years before, a promising young man started out to find the Cave of the Sun and that afterward they found his body, lying on a hill

in the forest, torn and destroyed by wolves. "Now, why should you give yourself for naught?"

"It is not for naught, my good old friend. Is it not after the rain that all nature is refreshed? Suppose, then, the cloud should say 'I will not empty myself upon the earth but will keep all for myself'; would not the earth then be parched and dry and all things perish? So it will be with my people; should I withhold myself, they will suffer many things and perish from the face of the earth. Do not I love them as they love me? and for this cause, am I not giving myself so they may be saved?"

And the old arrow maker could not answer the lad; but, at last he said, "If your heart is set upon it, my brave lad, go; and may the Spirit of the Mighty One protect you in your journey, and when you go, do not go directly toward the West, but go to the North-west, as from that way the rivers come. When you come to the land where the rivers run to the north, then go directly toward the place of the setting sun. If the Great Spirit has mercy on you, he will bring you to his resting place and every arrow I make for you the Sun shall bless, and the bow I will bend at his rising, and the testing arrow I will shoot at his going down. But come within the wigwam, my son, and let me tell thee of the Great Spirit." So when they were seated the old arrow maker said, "Many years ago, when I was a lad, a great medicine man gave me a robe made of the skin of the white deer and I have treasured it these many winters. He told me it was great medicine and very holy. He once had a glimpse of the Great Spirit and He was clothed about his



The Organ and Chimes. So perfectly tuned are these stalactites that a tune may be played on them.

shoulders with a white deer skin robe. In His head covering, He wore the holy eagle feather; the center quill of the eagle's tail; and He held in His hand a flaming torch."

"I have loved you, my boy, and I wish you to be clothed with the most holy garments."

The old arrow maker then arose and took from beneath his couch the white robe and placed it on the shoulders of Tongo, blessed him and bid him go.

But Tongo's temptations were not at an end, for with all his love for his people, he loved his father and mother and his sister greater than them all. So he made great haste to depart, for he feared he might relent because of their pleadings with him to stay and so he would turn away from his purpose; only his sister, Bright Eyes, held her peace and gave him encouragement, though, perhaps, it was a greater sacrifice to her than to any of the rest, as the two were so closely bound together. But Tongo's greatest trial was the Great Medicine men of the tribe, who came to his father's lodge. There, they kindled a fire before it, burning herbs for incense, and calling upon the Great Spirit for him. They brought a young fawn before the fire, slew it, and dipped their fingers in the blood. Turning to Tongo, they said, "Thus shall thy blood drip from thy veins, unless you stay with your people." Then they tore the body of the fawn with throngs and said, "So shall thy body be torn by beasts and briars." And his heart was very sore and his soul distressed. He went to his prayer rock and called upon the Great Spirit from the rising of the sun to its going down.

When he returned, his parents said to him, "Will you still go, my son?"

Tongo steadily replied, "Yes, I will go. Is it not where the fire sweeps through the forest that the best berries grow? They would not and could not have grown there before; so will I go to bring peace to my people, though my path be through thorns and briars—yes, and even through fires and days of suffering." And, on the morrow, he slung the quiver of arrows that the old arrow maker had made for him, over his brave young shoulders, and took such provisions as he could carry easily, and started off on his perilous journey. His father and mother, not bearing to see his departure, had gone sorrowing to their tent but Bright Eyes said, "I am going a day's journey with you."



Skeleton Gorge where the bones of Tongo were found.

TONGO'S DEPARTURE

So they started off together. They did not follow a well beaten trail, but as nearly northwest as they could judge, through unbroken forests, as the old arrow maker had directed him. Bright Eyes held close to his path, as though she could not let him go, and her tender heart was very sad. Toward evening they came to the bank of a small stream and, as this seemed a fair camping place, there they made their camp for the night.

After they had kindled a fire and had eaten their meal of venison and maize, they arose and Bright Eyes came and put her arms around Tongo and said, "My brother, why must you leave me? You know I love you as I love no one else. I know the rough paths of your journey; they will be over rocks and through swamps and rivers; I know the dangers and the trials ahead of you; it seems as though my heart would break as I come to part with you!"

Thus they stood, for a time, in the twilight, with their arms around each other; Tongo said no word, except to himself—"Tongo, be strong!" Then he turned and led her over to the bank of the stream and said, "Look, Bright Eyes, into the water; do you see the rocks in its way? How the river hits the rocks, flows around them and then on its way again,

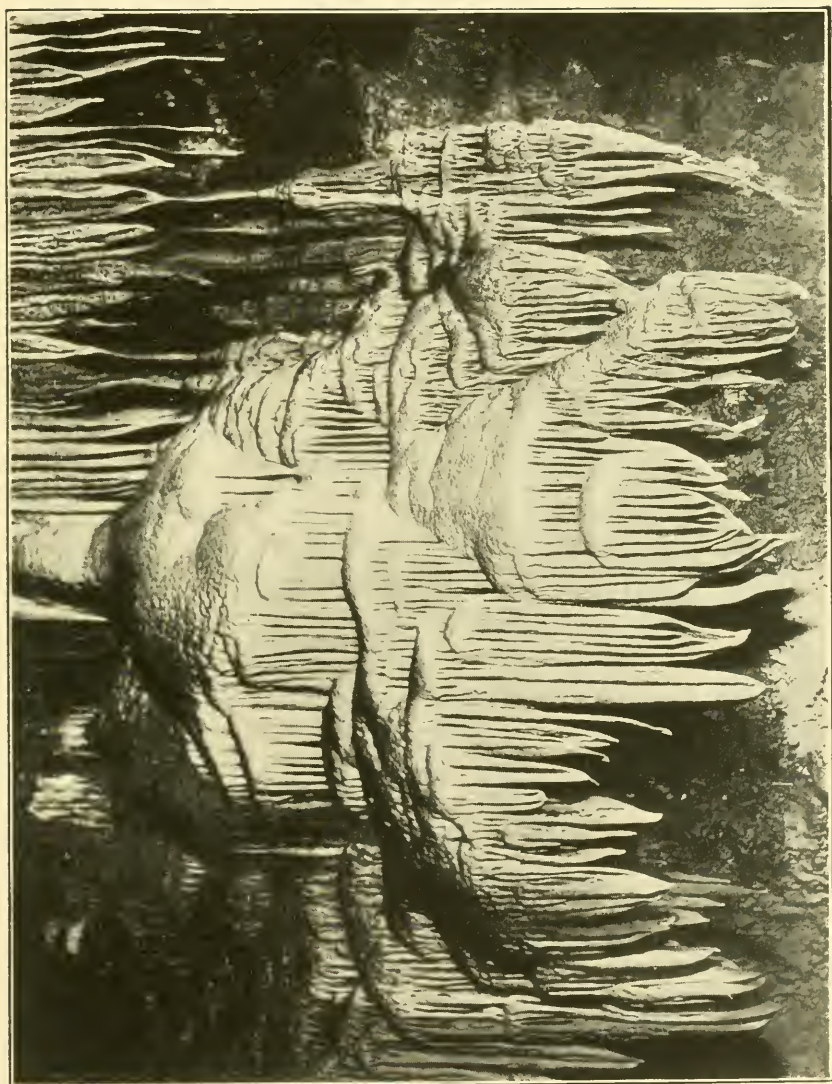
ever seeking the big ocean? Hear it shout for the simple joy of conquering these obstacles."

Then they walked to the foot of the rapids and he pointed again and said, "My sister, see, the water is resting in peace; so will it be with my journey. It may be, as you say, through thorns and briars I must travel, and with weary heart and limb, but peace is beyond it all; that is what strengthens me. Now, dear, dear sister, be strong and brave; take care of father and mother until I return, if, perchance, I may return, that they may know that I love them as I know you love them." Then they walked back to the camp and made their preparations for the night.

Tongo slept soundly but Bright Eyes lay for hours, awake, grieving over the parting so soon to come. Once she arose and went to where Tongo lay, and looked into his face, which she could see from the faint light of their dying fire; there was such a peaceful, happy look there that she almost repented herself that she should sorrow while he had such confidence. Comforted, she went back, rolled herself again in her blanket and at last slept, nor did she awake until Tongo had kindled the fire and was cooking their morning meal. In silence they ate, for their thoughts were sad enough at the parting so soon to come. As the sun began to mount the sky, Tongo arose, and said: "The time has come; I must set my face toward my journey's end."

Bright Eyes came and put her arms around him, and said, "Why must you go? I love you as only a sister can."

"Do not I also love you? and do not I love my father and mother? Do not I love my people? It is because of the



Titania's Veil

greatness of this love, dear sister, that I am going! It may be that I shall bring peace to them. So, dear sister, farewell! I shall think always of you and it will help me to think of your steadfast love. Now go and take my place, as far as you can, with my father and mother, until I return, if it is to be I may return."

And Bright Eyes said, bravely, "I will do as you say and I will go, morning and evening, to the prayer rock and pray the Great Spirit that He will hear you and care for you."

TONGO SEEKS THE GREAT SPIRIT

Then Tongo walked away and when he had entirely disappeared Bright Eyes, bowing herself toward the sun, said, "Great Spirit, help and care for my brother." Slowly she made her way back through the forests, till she reached her home but she could not go in until she had gone to the prayer rock to pray for her brother. When she came at last to the wigwam, she found her father and mother, sitting in silent mourning for their son.

And so, once more Tongo set forth on his weary journey and well did he need the high courage he possessed. As the days passed, poor Tongo was called upon to bear hardships, such as he had never known before. Not realizing how far his quest would lead him, he had failed to provide himself with sufficient food, so that keen hunger was his constant companion.

His course, too, lay through thorny stretches, where cruel briars pierced his flesh; rocky hills, almost mountains, he wearily crossed; swift running streams that must be forded, offered their perils. At night, the far off sound of mountain wolves caused his very soul to shrink in natural fear. Many days he would go only a short distance, owing to the rough travel, as he did not follow the trail, but went through unbroken forest.

But hungry, cold, bruished, though he was, not once did Tongo dream of turning back. Always and ever his brave spirit looked ahead to the time, when all his weary pilgrimage done, he would see the Great Spirit face to face and plead for the coveted peace for his people, yes, for all mankind, for Tongo's great heart craved peace for the whole world.

Always he traveled toward the place where the sun disappeared. He would watch each day, at the setting of the sun, to see if he was drawing nearer, but it always seemed as far off as ever. One day, at dusk, after he had been traveling many days, as he was about to make his camp, he looked ahead and saw a light, as though it was a camp fire. He drew cautiously near to see who had kindled it. As he stood there, suddenly a hand was placed on each shoulder and two young Indians stood, one on either side of him, demanding to know who he was. He said: "A Friend"; but they took him with them to their camp and the older ones examined him. They were much impressed with his bearing and surprised at so young a boy having gained his Eagle Feathers. They asked him if he was not of the river tribe and he told them that he was. Then he related his story; his high endeavor to search for the dwelling place of the Sun, to plead for the peace of all people. But they told him that it was a great way off, and tried to dissuade him, saying he could never find the Sun Cave and return again.

But when he told them how the clouds had parted and the sun had shone forth as a symbol for his mission, they felt

that he was right and said: "Go, my son, and we will aid you on your way."

They kept him that night, supplied him with provisions for his journey and encouraged him to keep on. When he asked the name of the country, they told him "The place of the Shenandoah people; and to the westward, beyond the mountain, there is a very beautiful valley, through which a great river runs to the North."

"Then" said Tongo, "I can go directly toward the place of the going down of the sun, so this must surely be the country that the arrow maker meant, when he told me not to bear to the North any longer after the rivers began to flow northward."

Tongo now had new obstacles to meet, because of the mountains he had to pass, but his new friends directed him to a pass through which he might travel and one of the young men went a distance with him, to point out the way.

After a few days of traveling over the rough, and in many places, unbroken path, he came to a valley well on to the close of the day. He thought "surely, this cannot be the valley that my friends told of, as the great river is not here." But, it was not his mission to find the river but to find the Cave of the Sun. Every nightfall he had watched the setting of the Sun, if, perchance, he might find his dwelling place. This night he was, as usual, looking toward the sun, when suddenly it seemed to him that the sun came above the top of a hill in the distance and then sank directly into it.

Tongo, peering at the sight with all the earnestness of his nature, filled with certain hope, exclaimed, "Surely I have found his dwelling place!" and he set his face steadfastly to gain the goal of his quest. With strong heart he traveled toward the spot where he saw the sun disappear; through the twilight, far into the evening, he wandered on. Fortunately for him, the sky was clear and there was nearly a full moon, which aided him much in his search. Weary, but exultant, he came to the top of the hill and began his hunt for the Cave. Facing westward, he saw a dark place, like the opening to some chamber; he drew near to see if, by any chance, it might be what he was seeking. When he came to it, he was rejoiced to find an actual opening into the hill. He said, "At last, I have found the dwelling place of the sun, for did I not, with my own eyes, see him enter? And here, surely, is the evidence."

Tongo went to the entrance without delay and called out: "O Spirit, O Mighty One, who dwells in the sun, I have come to speak to Thee; come out to me or bid me come to Thee." And he waited but no answer came. He only heard the hollow echo of his own voice; then he called again, using the same words, and still no answer.

Then Tongo said within himself, "Surely He must be asleep or he would answer me. I will go and light a fire and eat; then I will call upon him again, and maybe he will hear me." So he went aside a little way and kindled a fire and ate his parched corn and drank from a spring he found at hand. Clearly he could see, by the light of the fire he had made, what this entrance looked like.

THE GOAL IS REACHED

It was very spacious and over the entrance was an immense rock, covering the entire doorway. He stopped and called again: "O Great Spirit, bid me come to Thee; I have traveled a great distance to speak with Thee for the peace of my people. Bid me come, not alone for my sake, but for their sakes. I have come, not the easiest way, but through forests, over rocks and through streams. I have not complained, but hoped the end would make my sufferings of no account. Now, I pray you, hear me and bid me come to Thee." But there was no answer. Again he cried aloud, but he only heard the echoes of his own voice. He went back to his fire and sat a long time, thinking what he should do; but he had come for an object and it seemed to him he could not go away without accomplishing what he had come so far to do.

Preparing a torch, he said, "If the Great Spirit sleeps, I must go and awaken him out of his sleep." He threw his quiver of arrows over his shoulder, took his bow in one hand and the torch in the other, and taking with him the robe the old arrow maker gave him, once more came to the cave. He entered cautiously, looking both to the right and the left, fearing lest some wild beast might have made his home there; but he saw nothing.



Tongo considers the words of the old arrow maker,
lays aside his blanket and puts on the white robe.

At length he advanced more boldly, calling occasionally to the Great Spirit.

The beauty of the great Cave surpassed anything he had ever seen. Great columns of marble reached from the top to the bottom of the Cave and the walls were covered with drapery of alabaster. He went from one chamber to another, searching, but no sound did he hear, except the echo of his own voice. Finally he came to a room with a mighty stone chair, and he said: "This, surely, must be the seat of the Great Spirit, but he is not here." Then he saw the great stone curtains, reaching from the ceiling nearly to the floor; he thought the Great Spirit had just pulled them aside to go out, but no voice came nor did he see any one. But he again took up his search and wandered through many chambers of the caverns, amid marble columns and majestic structures of many colors, resplendent in the light of the torch he was carrying, yet he wondered, with all the evidence of the presence of the Great Spirit, why he neither saw nor heard any one. But, our hero had been so engrossed by the marvelous scene that he had witnessed that he had scarcely thought of himself and when he came to an open court he stopped and began to consider the words of the old arrow maker; how he told him he should dress with the white robe so that he might be worthy to meet the Great Spirit. Therefore, he laid aside his blanket, took the quiver of arrows from his shoulders and laid them, with his bow, on the blanket, then, unfolding the white robe, he threw it about his shoulders, fastened it, took up his torch and prepared to go forward, when he noticed a dark space, like a door, directly before him and as the light from his torch shone through,

there was reflected back a light as of crystal from within. Tongo felt himself weakening, but summoning all his courage, he went forward and entered the mysterious room.

The sight that met his eyes was beyond anything he yet had seen and baffled all description. Lying before him, in a basin of the rock, was a beautiful body of crystalline water over which hung myriads of stalactites, reaching down their sharp points from the ceiling and reflecting in the light a thousand tints and colors which seemed to sway with the light and shadows, as he lifted his torch on high, and his heart was filled with awe and wonder, which increased with every movement of his eyes. Then he looked at the waters of the Silver Sea, where he saw reproduced the reflection of the ceiling in its glorious beauty and as he gazed the water seemed to disappear and he could see only one deep chamber of glory. Walking out on a rock that overhangs the water, still looking down upon it, he saw his own image reflected, with the white robe and the flaming torch and so mystified was he that he thought he saw the Great Spirit coming from below to meet him. So filled was he with the glory of his presence and so firmly was the image imprinted upon his vision, that, as he withdrew from the rock, he saw nothing but the shining form, which still seemed to come toward him. He raised his hands and tried to speak but the fear and awe of the presence of the Spirit overcame him and he could not. His fingers gradually loosened and his torch fell to the floor and was extinguished.

He felt an arm placed around him and he was gently led away, where, he knew not, nor how far he knew not, until



Tongo thinks he sees the Great Spirit

suddenly he sank down and lay as though in a trance and he heard a voice say to him: "Tongo" and he answered, "Here I am"; and the voice said again: "Tongo, look upon me" and he opened his eyes and saw the Shining One standing before him, clothed with a white robe, and the Shining One said, "I am the Creator of the World and the One whom you seek. You have made a mistake, as I do not dwell in the sun as you have thought, but I dwell in the hearts of men. I have seen thee in thy wanderings and have not been far from thee at any time. I have seen thy faithfulness and thy perseverance and know of the good purpose of thy heart; therefore, I have heard thee and will grant thy prayer. Thy people shall have peace a thousand years. But, thou shalt come with me; leave that body where it is; it is of no account. Come and see the reward I shall give thee and thy people."

And Tongo said- "I pray thee, tell my people of the true way, that thou and not the sun rule the world; they will worship thee." And his Creator gently said: "I will teach them—tomorrow; but, know this, that a day with me is as the thousand years of peace which I shall bring to thy people."

So Tongo passed away, to be forever with his Master.

PEACE

Back by the James River, among Tongo's people, Bright Eyes had been faithful all the time her brother had been gone. She had gone to the prayer rock morning and evening, stretching her hands towards the sun; imploring the Great Spirit for protection for Tongo.

On the evening that Tongo came to the Cave, she had spent the time on the prayer rock until the twilight had deepened; it seemed to her that her heart would break with sadness and she could scarcely speak. When her father and mother saw her coming, they knew there was something wrong and they said: "Bright Eyes, what is the trouble with you?"

But she could not answer; she came and stood before the lodge, gazing off to the westward. Swiftfoot came and said to her: "Daughter, come into the lodge and eat; you are not strong today." Bright Eyes did as requested but she could not eat nor could she speak a word, but went again into the night and walked before the lodge. Her father again went to her and said: "Daughter, why do you grieve your mother and father? Tell us what is the matter. Come in and sleep."

So she came in and lay down but still she could not speak nor could she sleep. Again she arose and walked

before the lodge. Her parents, greatly distressed, talked together, wondering what they should do, as they were alarmed for their little daughter. Until midnight they pondered the question; as they talked, they looked up and there, in the doorway of the lodge stood Bright Eyes, with her hands outstretched; she uttered a piercing cry and fell to the ground as though dead. Her parents wrapped her in a blanket, kindled anew the fire and Swiftfoot ran for the medicine man of the tribe. He came and burned incense before the door of the lodge until morning. Swiftfoot and Smiling Blossom watched over their beloved daughter, who still breathed, but barely.

As the sun was rising in the East, and as they watched the face of their child, they seemed to see a look of comfort and peace come over her face. She opened her eyes and smiled. Then she murmured: "It is well; I have seen Tongo. He has talked with the Great Spirit and all people shall have peace for a thousand winters. But, Tongo will not return; he must stay with the Master."

And so it was; from that time until the day of the Powatans, peace reigned in that country and not until the white man came to spread discord was there either war or famine; and not till the Iroquois came down from the North did the tribes war upon or pillage one another.

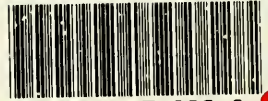
THE END

FINALE

No life well lived is ever wasted,
For though we pass,
Each life we've met is better,
For the spell of love cast o'er it,
For the sum of li^e is love,
And love brings peace.

So Tongo, though his years were few,
Left mingled love and peace,
He smote upon the clouds of war,
And broke them,
And the sun of peace shone through,
For full a thousand years.

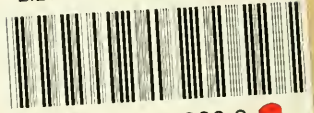
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